

# Agalloch, Fire Above, Ice Below

The woeful silence  
and wind's reflection  
of your body's pale ode:  
an icy fortress  
of blood and ages.

Sky fire above, ice below the hearth.  
Sky fire above, ice below the hearth.

Fall away from me  
to that citadel  
at the end of time,  
where death sleeps  
and dreams of your buried pain.

There has never been a silence like this before.  
There will never be an ode like this again.